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MASTER

>((*)v-v(*))<

The twilight is soon over, and
heads are turned (-) *orthward*
(oh master!)

Intended direction of good pavement: -----

Walking along a pavement you get closer to the landscape by an intended route. The sky is darkening and the land-scape scopes, registering eyes, point. blank. eye. blinking. You be the line follower (for now), a line layer a leyline, ley-manand, the throbbing signals rushing underground in cables pushing electricity, troubles you not. The signal dischargers overhead. White electric rain. Blue electric rain. Pink electric lines streaming rain forest light humidity across the topos. Approaching a topo-grAphy if intent. This is how we lay the land, how we read the objects relation and the placement. Another image: a page spread, the relation between the words on the page. Writing post Mallarmé; Yes the sp ace .. i...i ngg..sssp..aceing...ngg is carrier of meaning too. Scope target I eye.

The following shall be addressed in no particular order: Voice (recorded, present, spoken, "sound ignores the boundary of the skin" (Blom, 1998, 74). Bloom! ----- Text (prior and as notation device, memory machine, the storage device: external hard drive, narration) ----- Sign (I want to draw your attention too..., writing and reading is also visual to me ' and assonance, and objective chance by Breton & and updated through Haegue Yang) ---Meaning of description ---In art and life, sustainable practice (neo-sincerity or trust) --

Since I have begun to mistrust any mono lined narrative I will begin by placing some rubble in this nicely paved text path, just to have a stumbling, or at least a shuffling of feet, at the beginning. Let me introduce you to the short bio.:

"Ragnhild Aamås lives and 'works' between London and Oslo. She wants you to trust her. If she says that the kernel of her things are based in bringing the periphery of the piece to its centre, that is to say she works with paradoxes and cracked coherence. And she enjoys what words can make the world do. Rather than being absorbed in the mechanisms of 'organic spectacle' she allows for estrangement within the method (breaching the longing for a total-system by making the reflection appear through looking at confinement, not by staring at freedom)."

There, already doubly asserted, she/I searches for the guts of illusory freedom, not to sort out the plumbing, but to nestle in their warmth. It stinks, sure.

Topology, an ontological guide

Describing something is already interpreting it, and 'the' language is not innocent, so many words and word-images (this tool) no longer carries sense. Such a long time ago the separation, splitting of any sign (the signifier, the signified floating), still it is news. Oh no! Yvonn Rainer remains experimental!

,

will be used to hang certain words that do and at the same time do not, pick up the meaning I want. They 'carry' un-agreeable excessive content. As example, take 'works' from the bio above. Is it work I do when arting? Arbeit, labour, arbeid, production. Struggle and sweat, the accepted way (still!) in our protestant supported imaginary of how to morally produce value.

Baldessari does not want to make more boring art, but more over, he does not want to produce the material that already exist, including photography. There exist a vocabulary of images. Why make more of the same? Debris of 'stock' material is only growing. This relentless process of distancing from a act of creation. Defined as for instance: an iconoclastic gesture that reproduces at the same time, the context within which the gesture is acted out and effectuated (Groys 2009, 72). It is singularly connected with the tradition of western art

as modernism.

To distinguish some circuits: growing up in Norway, art as such, the western tradition, the only tradition, is as foreign to me as for any Thai or Korean. Managing the relation to Western modernism, the present narrative of a past pre 1989, not as dead history but as global consciousness, locating and speaking within the pace of international art in on a local site. This is the what of constituting the contemporary condition of 'contemporary art' – not only working in the shadow of modernism (in this narrative, post- or altermodernism is still stuck in the same system). (See Charles Esche, multiple essays and lectures).

That is, not the issues being touched on, not the media used or the the residues of products that are contemporary with the arter, is what makes the action contemporary, not memories (same) of video games played in Norway, UK, Osaka or Seoul. But the reflection on a tradition, historisation and re-writing into, or onto, it. The shared references cross old style borders make the memory same, it guarantees co-munal, shared thus understood. But the con-temporariness of it, is the shared conditions of being live. An old economic system break down, a possible new economic system still being figured out - pirate bay, (NEW!) flatter - and religion surging again. The goal, quite simply and bunny like naively: learning to dwell in the world, this world, in a better way. The goal does not give the opportunity to lie about its-worlds conditions of exposure, ecology, limits, consumption mindset: consumption-bulimia, hunger for sustenance, illusory freedom, image making. What kind of images? Images to identify with, we do anyway, beauty is sufficiently addressed by design and fashion in its formalistic function, to contest it is to bring Kant along and say that pleasure, being the sign of beauty, arises not from small pored skin only, but also from a drying rack covered with knitting (Haegue Yang, "*Non-Indépliable, la tour bleue*", 2010. Domestic. Mobile. Anthropomorphic. Hybrid-combination). She says she's only looking for what make sense on a objective and private sense making, the overlap between which charges the moment. ``The contemporary is the act of presenting the present'' (Groys 2009, p71).

363.a)

Broodthaers: I don't believe in film, nor do I believe in any other art. I don't believe in the unique artist or the unique work of art. I believe in phenomena, and in men who put ideas together.
(1968).

363.b)

Trepied: M. Broodthaers, your curriculum vitae shows that film is not your only activity. Could you tell us then what film means to you?

Broodthaers: Before I answer, I'd like to say that I am not a filmmaker. For me, film is simply an extension of language. I began with poetry, moved on to three-dimensional works, finally to film, which combines several artistic elements. That is, it is writing (poetry), object (something three-dimensional), and image (film). The great difficulty lies, of course, in finding a harmony among these three elements.

The image making brings us back onto pavement, and to terms like 'working', 'making', 'creating', 'production', belongs to sets of assumptions and ways of thinking about art that I cannot relate to what my doing consist in (verbalising does not solve every problem).

The minimal gesture and the absurdity of the act. The predominant skill guiding me in my practice is curiosity. Research has grown ever more important as I become interested in a phenomena, sentence or form. I realise or have a sense of knowing, that there is something about this structure I like and thus must challenge and chase. My pieces are the result of this chase, they are instances of an process of an indefinite stretch. They are examples of thinking through shapes and placement of material invested with value through cultural history (present and past) and society. The rest of this context text will address the specific pieces/ documentation of previous work. Please consider my comments on the pieces as important as the pieces themselves, and when I list a title, I list it because it truly informs the piece, it is not a fake nutritional supplement.

(bio from a context statement).

Giving chase, is more like it.
In what kind of landscape am I hunter?
In a landscape dislocated and de-territorial-ised.

Boris Groys on meaning: a topological inscription, the context and not the artworks 'own' form, is what constitutes meaning (Groys 2009, p74). To relocate and inscribe the copy with a territory. Point of installation, to make a *here.now* for the copy, pulling it from circulation, the act of inclusion is the generative of meaning. The distribution and heterogeneity does not deprive it, it charges the material.

Installations (some would call it sculpture, or exhibiting, but it utilises the room as a concrete poet would the page, the spread, that is, objects are charged with meaning through their relation to each other, you wouldn't regard the relation between (wrđ on pg exampl) as incidental, neither are the 'total installations', rather, the connections between pieces, when I display stuff. (curating myself)). Bringing a center and periphery of an art.

Explaining that:

I install a sound piece, *Nothing Seems to Sustain Me More* (2011). It is done with ease and seeking a lightness of touch. Loudspeakers placed on blue plastic crates to lift them above ground, there is a double reverb since the recording is from the same room. Accompanying is an improvised sitting structure, an overhead light projection, prints for distribution of the text being read, etc. Later the same sound piece is displayed/made present propped in a window, played off a smartphone device. The piece remain the same, it is a kernel, while the other things (windowsill, smartphone - availability of text, seatings, light projection) are ephemera. But also, the reverb on the recording and its double presence is ephemera. What I am after is in a way the old definition by Seth Siegelaub, between primary and secondary information, but in my pieces, in making and revisiting older pieces I draw the ephemera into the kernel of the piece. The next instantiation of an overhead light projection, the further interest in the closure of the didactic device by amount of material placed on its surface. Explanation, this time, canceling itself out. Concerning the sound piece:

I have earlier worked with improvised texts (from "the close unconscious"), in connection to exhibitions. These were recorded throughout the production process of the exhibition and presented on portable audio devices. This time I wanted another kind of text, to "escape the solipsism of my own work", as it was. Working from the exhibition title «Nothing seems to sustain me *any* more", through a google search and listing the 10 first results (which are the only results most people look at when searching the Internet according to statistics), and then editing it down to a readable text. Close enough to making sense that the text seems strange, but still not altering the concrete text aside from merely removing some words and conforming the appearance to a standard of my choice. I recorded the text in the exhibition space which has a highly characteristic reverb which is lost when people populate the exhibition.

This sound piece, a pushed voice performance/reading where contrary to my earlier voice based sound pieces, the text is the departure point. My earlier voice based sound pieces were pure improvisations based on debris sentences connected to the productive process behind installations and videocollages, bringing the sounds of the display site, studio and life environment into the presence of the exhibition through recordings. Availability, on DIY cd releases, portable audio devices within the exhibition, on walls, on notation sheets.

Sound.
Text.
Way on.

Example

cunt lifter .
cunt lifter .
cunt lifter .
cunt lifter . STACCATO
cunt lifter .

(can't lift her) .
C.L. .
C.L. .
C.L. . Voice lingers on each syllable
C.L. .
seal, seal, zeal, seal, seal, seal, zeal, seal, zeal, seal; . melodic
Seal this production machine. .

(from RAA#2 KAGRAN, track 5, 2010.

Romantics in the fire in the beginning

Subtle history-sen-sation

There was once a light illuminating the forest. mountains, fjords; from flesh burning and transcending. a drunken god hanging one-eyed one-legged from a really really old old tree.

As pointed out above, there is a history of modernism, and a far vaguer history of art. Hailing from Germany and Austria art history as a discipline was established not until the late 19th century early 20th century (Larsson 1997, 9). The earlier teaching at art academies, or Vasari's biographies of artist lives, are not the same. The heritage it carries is still strongly *romanticist* being its time, its present common sense; and as this is the background from which we still evaluate art. If we are asked to build our knowledge from this basis, it is interrogation of the assumptions that is the sufficient method. They frame our possible practice, they are 'generative' for the present condition.

Subjectivization units. If Kant admitted landscapes and natural forms in the field of applied aesthetics, we know that Hegel reined in this domain by reducing it exclusively to that specific class of objects formed by works of the mind ----(//**breaking the pure quote, since the English translation is no good, it is not a 'works of mind, it is not a class of objects' it is simply: åndsverk. the geist is playing//**)----. *Romantic aesthetics, from which we may very well not have really emerged, postulates that a work of art, as a product of human subjectivity, express the mental world of a subject. (Bourriaud 2007, p134)*

With Vasari then, the style of travel log and biography as a how of talking about art, reception, and now.here.: my text, is not a biography, not a travel log. The artist as genius, the act of art as bringing the new into the world (oi! Ranciere och old Badiou), and the disinterestedness. Mourning the tradition of art history anachronistic-disruptive in its bringing cultural artifacts into "art", forcing the facts into tight fitted categories (then). Sense making is: Tracing my movements, moving backwards, to rediscover how my assumptions came to dwell so comfortably, curled up like a fat, deep pink, yet faintly pulsating glowing larva, folded around a brain matter cushion. Assumption is less like a tumor, more like a pet.

264:

hey, shh, listen to me: By giving material form to words and letters, she probes not just language and the semantic meaning of words, but also our understanding of them.

265.

I, too, lived in Arcadia, where you now live; I, too, enjoyed the pleasures which you enjoy; and yet I am dead and buried. (Panofsky siter i Sublime Poussin, By Louis Marin. ((Louis Marin, -Panofsky and Poussin in Arcadia).

137.

Gerald Rabkins The Play of Misreading: «To reject theory is to accept the theory you have been handed.»

Picking A-part of Place, aparte, Topology continued

We are quickly differing from the previous generations. Post 1989, and post

2001, post 2008. Neo sincerity, internet loosing its innocence. References and sources, *globeish*. Moss, a sign for symbiosis. Sound, event immersion. Iff forgetting desire, is forgetting 'self', then sound can be a theoretical/practical exercise in world bettering. This would be the Cagean device, how to let the crowd forget their ego and thereby practicing at becoming better human beings - avoiding the self reflexivity of memory, repetition, knowledge (Blom 1998, p63). To contest this, a SciFi example: What are the creatures lacking desire? They are machines. Our image of human beings sans desire is machine. So the forgetting of desire, a world without it, may not be a solution at all, is nightmare world). Andre Breton on *objective chance*, the encounter of a personal, subjective casual chain of a human psyche, with an objective chain, being the events in the world at large. A ?drift?, triebe, desire, a heading towards a sign. It says something of how we relate to and feel placed by signs, still if their meaning is floating and temporary (we are also temporary and I have been to arcadia and there I ate hot crusted buns with honey and drank fragrant black light roasted coffee). The Western modernist projects connection to colonialism covers us, the weight of the abundance of objects displayed as if they belong. A received system of categories and systemacity. (Buergerl Afterall, online).

Example

Objective Chance (Honoré) (2010). Documenting an instance of exquisite corpse coincidence. The surrealists are relevant to my practice and way of working, but I truly disagree with their embracing of the unconscious, I will refrain from commenting on this further here. You see a digital photo of a page in a library book. The book is Honoré de Balzac's *The Unknown Masterpiece*. An earlier user of the library services (the library at the old National Academy of Art) had evidently smashed a fly over the words "wanting to fly" ... "could still feel the air rushing by..".

Burrowing owl head tilt¹

Bur-row, present particip of verb, burrow. 1. Of animal, to make a hole or a tunnel, esp. To use as home or dwelling. "'Moles burrowing away under ground'", "'burrowing earth worms'". 2. Advance into or through something solid by digging or making a hole. Making a hole, si, is to say, establishing a lack. Not necessarily filling it, fill stuff goes outside, in a pile.

All owls will tilt their head to hear better. Owls have uneven ear slots on the side of their head, meaning that one ear mat be up towards the top of their head and the other will be towards the bottom. Owls tilt their heads to get the same amount of noise in each ear so they know what direction the noise is coming from.

Leyline: I will happily teach you pseudo science from my near sighted eye. My strong eye my weak eye.parasite eye

Burrowing a sustainable practice

Living and 'working' between Oslo and London: She unlocalised existing. Siting my practice in movement, unrest, the operational kills. ÅÅÅÅÅÅÅÅÅÅ (my name became ornament, the phonetics cracked, othering, me, eem, em. The only constant coffee, wherever me moves). Making more then skin deep the allowance for estrangement within the method (e.q. antitotal, e.q. good). One 'now' realisation: *Finding that my installations are taking on some kind of recognisable 'language', or structure etc. Disliking it? For they should not be comforting, it shall not be neat bundles, it shall not add up (what preschools teach as, multiple layers of meaning), it is not narration in the sense of*

¹ <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZyWrGP1w4jl>

making the world or the disparate non connecting images agreeable. Boredom is necessary? Dangerous boredom and lovely oblivion. The understanding why and what, keeps you in an ongoing tiring vaguely entertained suspense. Rancieres image workers go home and write po-E-try

"its a trap!" -General Ackbar //return of the jedi
akk og akk
er akk-bart
akkbar, magnus, stor stor
arabisk-viking, mikkla mikkell. er digert dette

straight men have been tricked into being aroused by one of their own gender
economy of 'un-reality'// economy of ontological forest// ontological scope,
land scape
scope
e-scape
cinema,scope
scopos
scopofilia - hollywood, scope, the big image, strong image

:: immersion, not the cinema, the distraction, as ideal :::

Pedestal/plinth, frame and si-tu-ation for display. The surroundings of the art within the situ of display is less an experience of unwanted aggression from the room or the institution, than one of fascination. Lucy Lippard suggests that the politics of conceptual art (for her, the dematerialized signs), were more political in its *shape* than in its content: "The frame was there to be broken out of" (Lippard 1997:xiv). What happens with isolated objects, what happens when pedestal and art become one? Manzoni's pedestal for the world, where he chooses the planet to be his sculpture, would be one extreme.

Example

The studio in my practice is a room for accumulation and the fallout area of produced pieces and stranded thoughts. It is important and messy and vital to my practice. Compared to my installation pieces the studio is a fright. To enter a raw room, in some sense the close unconscious of a person, is like an intrusion. (onto the visitor). Daniel Buren's remarks on how the art piece definitely alters from the studio to the exhibition space, any exhibition space I believe, has been important for the conception of my practice. To accept the messy studio and the dissimilarity of the other place, the any place of exhibiting. This connects to recent thoughts on the possibility of an ideal space of receiving a word based art piece. In the tested instance it was presented as sound but also available in print, the print also having been used as press release. My aim set at producing some kind of focus point that was unspecific enough to disperse thoughts, but also make them gravitate towards the on goings in the room.

By not de-limiting art when presented outside of the coherent logic it exist in within the studio space (or any other space of doing of the art, its ecosystem), the art will be present as an thing (gegenstand) intended to fulfill some function ut which has been lost. No one knows how to utilise it any longer. (Re-Grip, 2010, example). Daniel Buren writes that some-thing is dying in the move-remove motion, from studio to a non-connected exhibition situation. This is of interest, to the extent that I have lifted into and integrated in some of my 'pieces' the exhibition Back Ground.

Examples of this way of working, with lost objects, can be found in my BA thesis exhibition. *How to Reinstate Civilization (2010)*. Remnants of structures. Post-apocalyptic. Denotation of post-apocalyptic here: the interest is not in the ScienceFiction subcultures or any other variation within A-culture. A culture that could be defined in multiple ways, but the dominant trait is the Anonymity as a fundamental basis for expressions of any kind without the impediment of identi-fiction or direct correlation to life. Recognition of novelty space by: 1. *Discourse is primarily written rather than spoken.* 2. *Participants are mostly if not totally anonymous.* 3. *Interactions are evanescent, disappearing within hours, or minutes.* (Auerbach 2012).

My toes are only barely wet in that acid ocean, and only sufficiently for me to say that what interests me with post apocalyptic is not the obsessive character of fandom that can be taken beyond those distant stars and on to the cool sky of shiny defensive presence, that is, awkward word, old word: 'urgency'. The connect with post-apocalysm in 2010, emerged more from the introspective situation described above on the status of gegenstand in rooms/sites than from fishing subjects off servers.

How to Reinstate civilisation, was a trial way of working. By immersion, self forgetting into a subject and letting the results unfold. A collection of gegenstand, singulars untitled, the totality of the installation the smallest site for meaning: A book in concrete, soaking and captured in the coagulation of its plinth; a rickety hedge, takeaway style with a hinge system and painted in Buren style stripes, red and white, you could take it with you and set it up anywhere; A box made of found wood debris and wrong sized nails, kept together with metal hook and hinges, interior clothed with plastic and filled with moist earth, being a temporary home for worms; A square lump of grass and earth unwrapped and exposed from a white plastic bag, attained in *slottsparken* aka: the Queens Garden; Two piles of cards sized A5 with simple abstract signs and accompanying verse:

Grass from the Queen's garden & milk drawn from her chest, will save food production.

&

*(one worm alone, even, will help maintain the oxygen levels of the dirt, no humid intestine warp shall damage this sweet earth
It is time, to take your part: leave the building, find a worm, nurture & sustain it, close to your he.art)*

**10. To disregard symbols is to disregard a part of human perception.
- Rødland 2011**

During the exhibition, the unattended grass dried out and died. The most visually aggressive part of the installation set was a 'flag' made from grey long cloth, plainly too thick to be really used as a flag (heavy to carry), it was fastened to a pole consisting of a wooden broomstick and a metal tube from a curtain rack, the overlap secured with gaffa tape. The cloth was long and draped, less like a flag and more like some cloth tied to a pole. Nestled like a bird on the closet section of the long Tullinlökka Kunsthall, next to the toilets, was my final piece, a video collage. Much like a key element, it shared with the users of the exhibition the most recent source for my fascination with the post apocalyptic at the time. Being the series *Survivors* (BBC). Organaised by a number count down, where the selection of scenes and lingering with material that depicted the ways of communicating the fact of post crisis. Such as over populated public spaces emptied of human presence, the eerie light of

morning since the footage of *empty* is easier achievable during the early hours of the day while the public is sleeping. Corpses left to rot in the river Thames, empty hypermarkets with still fresh food i bright colours contrasting with the predominant grey swatch, and especially interesting: the way the series depicted social relations of power death and desire within the 'group' 'new family formation'. The viewer is asked to think possible worlds through these ideal images. Culminating at scene twelve, a fight to the death between the two prominent alpha aggressive male characters of the series, (an epic style scene drawing on biblical stories the like of: ''Jakob fighting the angel'', and ''jesus being tempted by the devil'' on some castle wall). The video collage served as a key for the other pieces.

-
450. enjambement. versebinding. det som skjer når setningen ikke avsluttes på en verselinje men fortsetter på neste.
- 451: Horats - skrev smilende elegant og med et iskaldt intellekt.
452. "But art is cheating to begin with" (Seth Price, parkett)
453. At the same time, you open yourself up to a different kind of judgement. (seth price, intro, poems).

An art 'user': one who approaches and seeks art out. Not expecting entertainment, and accepting that art may be difficult. Greeting art with the basic assumption that it is other, an unknown, and that is ok. It is ok to talk about it and to connect with other peoples idea about what they have seen as well. It is, in a way, all there. (While my *intentions* are hopefully not the end, the destination of the piece. The author has been dead for such a long long time, just as the truth of the sign, and I can't believe that I still feel that it is necessary to point it out. Said in another way, I dont make art my parents will understand or even like f they understood it.

This is a bridge.

Liking and understanding
And the lure of the voice.

Pushing the voice onto a point where it breaks
breaks into singing or just plain breaks.

The description of the content and background for How to Reinstate... above, is in such detail because I at the time really believed that it would be the way to work, and to a degree it is. A working title for my MA project, «the process is as pointless as it is interminable», basically points to this kind of ongoing making external of what ever is gong on in my thinking at the moment. Process that draws or drags lines, all inconclusive, and more like stages of a process that does not preclude looping back onto itself to eat its own tail or reshape previous thinking; not for clarity, but to set the stage light differently, changing the pace or rhythm, reshuffling the pieces and relations of the page, the installation.

It is not that this description of method is not descriptive, but during the last year I became interested in finding a way to avoid this kind of immediate externalisation as the manner of 'doing art'. Just waiting for an invitation to a deadline is not sufficient, and tried to find a model or method for a sustainable practice, beginning from a material less connected with 'my' unconscious as the production guarantee.

Narratives
structures
Google poem---> voice.

Example

Please note that the text is untitled, it is however 'keyed' (see end of text).

This eclectic review. Samuel Greathed, Daniel Parken, Theophilus Williams - 1821 - in literary criticism. Up her residence at a little country seat ten leagues distant from the metropolis: 'In this state of voluntary exile I had peaceably resided for a month, when a. And I was apprised by one of my friends, that a gendarme would be with me in a few abstractions caught from a coterie of philosophers, or vague English notions.' Metropolis, January 2011 archives. Saying that you're just from Philadelphia is too vague, and saying that you're from a bad part of town puts people off. Typically, I get a: My Voluntary Exile. Metropolis: VoxPop. Personal essays about the trials and triumphs. Married 23 years, my poor husband and I are terrible at capital-R Romance. He tells us something vague about our final project, and sends us on our way. Mediterranean poetry. Mel Kenne. 29 Jan 2010 - I hope that the spell cast by this silvery day will help me express my feelings about. They might say that using it to indicate a voluntary exile trivializes the... his home only vaguely indicated by his physical appearance, which... Doc, a snake came to my water-trough ...the second half of his life, much of which he spent in a voluntary exile he called his "savage pilgrimage". And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do. [PDF] Precarious Immigration Status Dependency [PISD] and Metropolis. I would like to mention another point that is close to my heart. ...woman, but a group of people who have much more vague and complex relations among enough attention, voluntarily or not, to these people's histories of exile, and the George Lamming and Paule Marshall. Two contrastive views on the ail exiles: Marcus Garvey, George Padmore, and Frantz Fanon. Without any, a voluntary separation or absence from one's home or country is lines of his first novel. In the Castle of My Skin. When the reader "better break" remains the basic reason which is vaguely but frequently the metropolis and life in the colony. 130+ items - Definition of Voluntary! Vegetable Diet: As Sanctioned by Medical Men, and by Experience in All Ages Literary and Philosophical. Essays • Virtual Parish. The Holy Orthodox Metropolis of Boston. And again in another place calling them sweet he has added, to my palate. The holy Athanasius spent twenty years of his life in exile, away from his 'If' we first engage in voluntary ascetic labor, we will be spared the unsought. Certain signs and vague traces of this were graciously given by God both in the Old and \ . . my duty to defend the truth': Erich in Schoenberg's Berlin. Fame and fortune in the Prussian metropolis thereafter ...but the present writer, in voluntary exile from his erstwhile Schoenberg found this vague orchestral.

my voluntary exile in the vague metropolis

search engine 'google' from 'macbook pro 15'' (2007)', UK, 17.02.12

a way to escape the solipsism of my own work circuit

I repeat & add:

Close enough to making sense that the text seems strange, but still not altering the concrete text aside from merely removing some words and conforming the appearance to a standard of my choice. I recorded the text in the exhibition space which has a highly characteristic reverb which is lost when people populate the exhibition. This way of working with text, setting up a system and letting go of the control, connects to the first piece you saw, *Objective Chance (Honoré)*, with Balzac and the squashed fly, the coincidence that makes sense, and thus, producing just the kind of meaning I am chasing after in my practice.

There is a debate still to be had concerning the 'unconscious' vs 'objective chance' (not provoking it, but looking for it, and yes, there is a difference). Seeking out another place-way to live, writing in a non-mother tongue, finding weirding of the language and unfamiliarity as the departure point. The global condition is nomadic. but I am no less a nomade in Norway, than in England, in London, Istanbul or Berlin.

It had to be tried to be understood.

Iff I am a story teller (I have been working with fitting words onto objects, with titles that overpower the instance they are placed alongside, with minimal gestures (Bruce Naumann being one source, Sue Tompkins another, Cia Rinne), because also the materiality of art is filled with impact power as it encounters the right user.

Po-E-Try

Bringing periphery into thesis: poppy seeds nutrition facts, pu-erh tea myth, library notes, Brecht's notebook, Jason Dodge Music. (That was one lost pavement in the forest, broken and emerging between the solid text.

225.

Franklin gothic condensed (Lawrence weiners chosen typeface): "...it reminds me of the workingclass startch letters that Im intrigued by." Hillman Curtis intervju på http://www.saatchi-gallery.co.uk/blogon/view_video/3719/lawrence_weiner_interview)

226.

(ibid, Lawrence weiner om helvetica).

- L.W.: Everyone was using helvetica which I absolutely detest.

- SPM: why.

- L.W.:It is totally authoritative. Helvetica does not adapt itself to things. All information coming out of helvetica is saying exactly the same thing. Its telling you that this is cultural, this is intellectual and this is intelligent. Ahh. Im rathe afraid that words don't start off beig cultural, intellectual or intelligent.

There is still some space left for me to say something about the 'poetic', the way we make images, not in traces but in identification with possible images. The way we picture our life world. To put something in the place of the unknown, to synthesis gold and mountain to have an image of a golden glow-down mountain (be it from sunlight or from minerals). (Hume). And the lure of a 'strong image'. It does not ask for forgiveness, it does not want your opinion, only your consent. I am not interested in the strong or striking image, the irrefutable, I am how ever interested in what words can do with the world. Not as rumors, but as descriptions. It is a weird fact that the human mind has continuously been likened with the most up to date technology. Thinking: the brain is like windmill. like a sailor on his ship, a steam engine, a telegraph, a radio, a computer, the mind is software. I am icloud, wirelessly updated and connected to the server and the database. How we imagines stuff sets limits for interpellation by the 'law'.

When I am bringing the periphery of the creative process into or onto the exhibition site, it is to say that there are connections, lines of causality reasons behind the unexplainable you see. (jason dodge, presence, the room is filled with the people not there.) no island. no man. no lone. Since this is writing, I have brought with me som debris and scattered it about. In art the framework for writing is cracked and torn to begin with, the amount of words being the final holy grail.

Poetics is valuable, poetic says effort, and directs attention to a user/viewer/reader/listener. How do I imagine my audience...normally not at all, as a person who is not a structuralist, not constructed by a feeling of fidelity to some kind of ideal kosmos behind the real world chaos. A being who has accepted the un-scape-ability of 'it'. A polyfon dense cluster of attention (what they could be).

R->U.in?

UN-CER-TAINTY

or doubt. the leading gjust ghost

the perplex self commercing, not bringing any other goods than its own

complexity, is perverse. perversion is bliss. (Rødlan, online, note '8').

('here' 'it' denotes not photography as in Rødlands original note, the shifter 'it' points to any piece of art.

Sketch for an old sound piece:

I found a piece of heart

//rep x (infinity)

i am staring at the borders, lines of inscriptions, territory marks.

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Post script, (the greatest commodity you will ever know, anonymity).
Art still needs to be most excellent and most difficult.